

PRESENTATION OF THE WOODEN SPOON



INSIGNE COCHLEAUREATORUM.

Edward M. Booth,
Leander T. Chamberlain,
Samuel C. Cooper,
Horace W. Fowler,

Cochleareati.

J. Hermon Woodruff.

Fred. F. Harrah,
John Johnston, Jr.,
Geo. St. J. Sheffield,
Geo. C. S. Southworth.

PRESENTATION OF THE WOODEN SPOON,

BY THE
Junior Class of Yale College,

AT MUSIC HALL,

Tuesday Evening, June 24th, 1862.

Programme.

1. **OPENING LOAD**, "THE BURSTING SHELL."
2. **MUSIC**,.....7TH REGIMENT N. G. BAND.
3. **LATIN SALUTATORY**,.....SAMUEL E. COOPER,
COOPER'S PLAINS, N. Y.
4. **MUSIC**.
5. **COLLOQUY**, "THE WAY WE DO THINGS,".....J. H. W.
6. **SONG**, "CUJUS ANIMAM," arranged from "Stabat Mater,"

By the '63 Glee Club.

I.

Horæ vernæ dulce regnant,
Et gaudere nos jubent.
Junii dies venusti
Amicitiam fovere
Mollitu sollicitant.

II.

Ea sola curas pellit,
Sola tristes consolat,
Ea voluptates explet.
Amicitia! Alma Venus,
Victa, tibi palmam dat.

III.

Ritus amicitiae nunc
Celebramus annuos,
Nobili ejus filioque
Donum amoris, tribuamus,
Et stabilis gloriae.

IV.

Hoc clarissimum donorum
Antecellit, *cochlear*,
Immortalitati longe,
Quod affectionem narrat,
Et firmissimam fidem.

V.

Cape cochlear, Illustre!
Unquam serva incolume:
Nam memoriam forebit
Amicitiae Yalensis,
Et honoris meriti.

T. M. H.

7. **HIGH ORATION**, "THE SPIRIT OF THE REBELLION."
8. **MUSIC**.
9. **COLLOQUY**, "FORENSIC DISPUTATIONS."
10. **SONG**. (Music Original. H. K.)

Slowly sink, O evening fair,
Gently whisper, summer air,
Gleam, O stars, with a softer light:
Time is our prisoner here to-night,
Here to-night.

Bound with fetters passing strong,
Crowned with music, wreathed with song,
Never were moments so truly bright:
Time is our prisoner here to-night,
Here to-night.

Dull-eyed Care afar has fled,
Troubles past are with their dead,
Seize we the present now ours by right:
Time is our prisoner here to-night,
Here to-night.

It may be that the years shall rise
With darker shadows than of yore;
That we shall see no cloudless skies
Or chance on pleasant days no more;
That friends whose faces we have known,
Whose kindly hands our own have clasped,
Shall journey forth in haste, alone
By Death's remorseless angels grasped.

And we, though we abide in peace,
Shall daily see our vigor fail,
Shall view the silvered hair increase
And find our tears of no avail;
For so shall weave the web of years
Till warp and woof in hue shall blend;
Oh then may all our cares and fears
Receive at last a happy end!

But away with all token of sorrow,
 Nor borrow
 The morrow's dark moments too soon;
 Let us sing till the light of the morning
 Gives warning,
 Adorning the name of the Spoon.
 Sing away, sing away, sing away,
 Till the last of the evening is gone;
 So laugh and sing gladly till day,
 For our pleasure shall close with the dawn.

But we heed not old Time's faint denying,
 His sighing,
 Or trying some feeble excuse;
 For the breath of the music which crowned him
 And bound him
 Has round him cast chains none can loose.
 Sing away, sing away, sing away,
 And beneath the clear starlight of June
 Shall we, singing gladly till day,
 Give the honor to thee, WOODEN SPOON.
 S. W. D.

11. **PHILOSOPHICAL ORATION**, "THE SUBITANEOUS CONCUSSION
 OF PARTICLES CALORIGENOUS,".....HORACE W. FOWLER,
 UTICA, N. Y.
12. **MUSIC.**
13. **COLLOQUY**, "COLLEGE BORES,".....J. J., JR.
14. **SONG**, Selection from "Martha."

I.

Gift of Honor! Friendship's testimonial!
 Twine the wreaths around this ever cherished boon,
 Welcome now this joyous ceremonial,
 Forever hail, thou glorious Wooden Spoon!
 Hail, all hail, the gold and gems upon thee!
 Hail, all hail, the Hero who has won thee!
 Hail, the eyes of beauty turned upon thee!
 Welcome, welcome, jolly Wooden Spoon!

III.

When Old Time has marked us with a furrowed brow,
 And our step is laggard, and our locks are gray,
 Dim our eyes, and feeble grown our words and slow,
 Bright will live the memory of this day.
 Dear shall be its songs, and mirth, and pleasure,
 Dear shall be each laughing, jovial measure,
 Dear the thoughts that cling around this treasure,
 And the Hero of the Wooden Spoon.

II.

One by one the years have sped right merrily,
 And our hearts have linked as by a golden chain,
 For the days that come and go so cheerily
 Bind the ties whose strength shall never wane.
 Light of heart we've joyed and toiled together,
 Light of heart, despite all boding weather,
 Light and free to-night we've met together,
 Festal night, of thee, O Wooden Spoon!

IV.

Sing, oh sing, and wake this summer night with song,
 Mingling all our voices in our common glee,
 And its echoes in our hearts shall vibrate long
 For the Spoon, and dear, loved SIXTY-THREE.
 Then let each dispel all care by singing,
 Then let each rejoice, his music bringing,
 Then let all chime in, the chorus ringing
 Welcome, welcome, glorious WOODEN SPOON!
 W. C. R.

15. **POEM**, "YALE MEMORIES,".....EDWARD M. BOOTH,
 NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
16. **MUSIC.**

SPOON ADDRESSES.

17. **PRESENTATION**,.....LEANDER T. CHAMBERLAIN,
 WEST BROOKFIELD, MASS.
18. **RECEPTION**,.....GEORGE C. S. SOUTHWORTH,
 WEST SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
19. **MUSIC.**
20. **DOXOLOGY**.—"GAUDEAMUS."

Gaudeamus igitur, } *Bis.*
 Juvenes dum sumus. }
 Post jucundam juventutem,
 Post molestam senectutem,
 Nos habebit humus.—*Bis.*

Vivant omnes virgines } *Bis.*
 Graciles, formosæ, }
 Vivant et mulieres,
 Teneræ, amabiles,
 Bonæ, laboriosæ.—*Bis.*

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